SYLVÆ;

OR A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

OF

CHICHESTER.

-------Inventus ſæpe eſt, cui carmina curæ,
Cui placeant Muſæ, cui non ſit læva voluntas;
Nititur ille tamen fruſtra, et contendit inani
Deluſus ſtudio, vetitiſque accingitur auſis:
Numina læva obſtant, precibuſque vocatus Apollo.

VIDA ART. POET. LIB. I.

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THE PREFACE.

EVERY one of the following pieces, except the epiſtle of Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guildford Dudley, were written without the leaſt deſign of publiſhing them in this manner: they were compoſed at my leiſure hours for amuſement, and the ſake of ſhewing them to a few friends.——Poetry is what I was always particularly fond of, and I was perfectly happy if I could catch any opportunity that tended to gratify my inclinations for it. My friends were willing to encourage me—their encomiums, however partial they may be, awaked in my breaſt a deſire of deſerving and maintaining their good opinions; and it is entirely at their ſolicitations that the following ſheets are ſubjected to the eye of the public. I am thoroughly convinced that theſe pieces, whoſe author is under the age of eighteen muſt infinitely fall ſhort when compared to the compoſitions of thoſe, whoſe ages are more advanced. But I truſt that theſe rude attempts thro' the indulgence of

a candid public, may in time arrive at a greater degree of perfection——Perfection is not the work of a ſingle day. My firſt poem, which is Spring, was written in the year 1772, when I was ſcarcely fourteen. Night-Thoughts the year following——the others are printed in the order I wrote them.

Thus much I thought proper to premiſe, before I expoſed my little bark to the mercy of a wide and perilous ocean, and now launched I hope for the favorable breeze of candor to waft her on her voyage. Should I be ſo unfortunate as not to meet with the approbation of the public, I ſtill ſhall enjoy the inward ſatisfaction of having had an opportunity of obliging my friends, whom I always learnt to honor and reſpect. But I am highly confident, if theſe my firſt productions poſſeſs the leaſt ſhare of merit, that ample deference will be paid to it, tho' the author be unknown.

Chicheſter, March 1ſt, 1776.

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S Y L V Æ.

S P R I N G;

A P O E M.

Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ. HORAT.

FIERCE winter's ſnow no more involves the ſkies,
Nor horrid ſtorms of rain or hail ariſe:
The earth no more is whiten'd o'er with froſt,
Nor lofty ſhips on raging billows toſt.
The northern, boiſt'rous winds are bound ſerene
For beauteous SPRING's returning genial ſcene.
Phœbus reſplendent o'er the earth diſplays
His pow'rful influence, and refreſhing rays.
The trees with blooming verdure raiſe their heads,
Widely extending their romantic ſhades;

Where perch'd melodious on each budding ſpray,
The chearful warblers chaunt their rural lay.
See Flora and her lovely train appear,
To paint the lawn, and grace the new-born year:
The yellow cowſlip of her ſplendid train,
Adorns th'enamell'd mead, and graſſy plain:
The gaudy tulip, and the violet blue,
The daiſy, and the roſe of brilliant hue;
The chequer'd primroſe, lily and jonquil,
In fragrant bow'rs their od'rous ſweets diſtil.

High in the air, the ſky-lark wings her way,
And charms the vallies with her ſprightly lay;
While in ſweet tunes below, the linnets vie,
And nobly brave the ſongſter of the ſky:
The tuneful thruſh, and blackbird ſwell their throats,
With ſweeteſt melody of ſofteſt notes:
While ſwans, with high-arch'd neck, and ſtately pride,
Majeſtic down the cryſtal millponds glide:
The bee induſtrious ſeeks the od'rous bow'r
T'extract the ſweets of every op'ning flow'r.

Loos'd from ſtorm-brooding winter's frozen chain,
The ſilver ſtreams aſſume their courſe again;

And

And as they flow, in circling eddies play,
And glide the mead reluctantly away:
Whilst on each plant effusive Zephyrs pour
Ethereal fragrance, Nature's lavish'd store.——
Kind heav'n with num'rous beauties decks the field,
And future crops a pleasing prospect yield.

Now moist'ning rain descends in teemful show'rs,
And adds new lustre to the blushing flow'rs;
But soon these transitory clouds will fly,
And radiant Phœbus vault an azure sky.

The new-skin'd *snake, refresh'd with genial heat,
Flies from her cave, and leaves her wint'ry seat;
With youth elate, her forky tongue displays,
Rides on her spires, and seeks the sunny blaze:
And if an insect thwart her angry way,
With ruthless jaws she grinds the helpless prey.

Now all the warbling tribe erect their nests,
With fond solicitude, and pensive breasts;

* Coluber-----
Nunc positis novus exuviis
Vide VIRG. ÆNEID, lib. 2. v. 473.

While ſome prefer the ground, the others take
The leafy foreſt, and the ſhelt'ring brake.

Come, lovely maid, with me, my faireſt, come,
This morn within this ſhady gloom to roam;
Where all the feather'd tenants of the grove,
Inſpir'd by pleaſing thoughts of genial love,
In artleſs harmony of accents ſing,
Th'unnumber'd bleſſings of the riſing Spring.
How calm, my fair, this murm'ring riv'let glides,
With willows pendant o'er its moſſy ſides.
The life-inſpiring Zephyrs here maintain
Perpetual coolneſs to the joyful plain:
Flora with various-tinctur'd flowers crown'd,
Sweetly enamels the luxuriant ground.
But ſee the lads and laſſes here advance,
With ſongs harmonious, and with blithſome dance.
With how much art, with how much joy they tread
The lawn deep-painted, and the verdant mead.
Now dancing jovial round yon awful yew——
Let's haſte, ſweet maid, to join the ſylvan crew.

Th' exulting ſhepherd ſeeks the ſunny glade,
The ſparkling fountains, and the cooling ſhade;

And

And whilſt his flocks on tender herbage feed,
To ſome bright nymph he tunes his oaten reed;
In harmleſs ſport he ſpends the live-long day,
Making both hill and dale reſound his lay.

Now let us all in chearful concert ſing
The boundleſs goodneſs of th' ALMIGHTY KING:
'Tis he alone, that with unſparing hand,
Show'rs countleſs bleſſings on each happy land:
May HE for ever ſend us real bliſs;
And may each future Spring return like *this*!

Written in 1772.

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE:

AN ODE.

----Alacres ſylvas, et cætera rura voluptas,
Panaque, paſtoreſque, Dryadaſque puellas.
VIRGIL.

I.

LET him, whoſe mind with honor glows,
Ambitious, ſtriving to be great,
Attain the court, where diſcord flows,
And endleſs griefs his ſteps await;

II.

While I with Sylvia trace the grove,
Unknown to envy's ſoaring wing;
Where gentle breezes whiſper love,
And tuneful warblers ever ſing.

III.

Behold my fair, yon fountain play,
Sweetly affording us delight;
And thouſand flowers riſing gay,
With pleaſure feaſt the raviſh'd ſight.

IV.

This murm'ring riv'let calmly glides
Along this ſolitary glade;
And roſes bloſſom on its ſides,
Unknown to wither and to fade.

V.

Here circling joys, freſh joys unfold,
And modeſt graces round us move——
But, ah! can'ſt thou this ſcene behold,
And yet defy the ſhafts of love?

1772.

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

Written in 1773.

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head:
The little birds, in dreams, their songs repeat,
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dew sweat.

DRYDEN'S IND. EMP.

Oh LIBERTY, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!----
Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!

ADDISON.

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

NOW ſable Night o'er half the globe has thrown
Her drowſy veil; and yonder ſilver moon
Breaks thro' the genial gloom, diffuſing round
Her furtive luſtre: 'till ſome envious cloud,
Jealous of her feeble rays, intruding blaſts
Her generous efforts, and enrobes the world
In univerſal darkneſs.——Thus depreſt
Beneath the ponderous load of canker'd vice,
Angelic VIRTUE ſtruggles to be free.
But, oh ye virtuous! ye happy men!
Be reſolutely firm! the time will come,
When your great actions, breaking through the cloud,
That dims your glory, nobly ſhall effulge,
And ſhame the ſun in his meridian height.

'Tis now the time that balm-diffuſing ſleep,
Invigorating pow'r! exerts his ſway——

Hail, gentle ſleep! thy influence benign
Pours animating warmth o'er all the ſoul.
By thee refreſh'd, the ſwain, with ſtrength renew'd,
Riſes from his rough couch of ſtraw, and briſk
Purſues his daily toil contented. Health
Braces his hardy ſinews; and freſh joys,
Succeſſive, bleſs his chearful hours: his board,
Replete with rural viands, far exceeds
The coſtly dainties of the ſplendid train.

O happy ſtate of innocence and bliſs!
O envied lot! how ſweet the minutes flow,
When on ſome river's flow'ry bank reclin'd,
The ſhepherd tunes his oaten pipe to love,
And breathes his ſoul in raptures; or beneath
The hawthorn ſhade invokes the willing Muſe!

Such joys as theſe exalt the rural life;
Whilſt envy, rankling in the courtier's breaſt,
Diſturbs his midnight hours, and drives ſweet ſleep
From his deſerted pillow—— but deſiſt,
My ſtainleſs Muſe, and leave the fraudful court,
Leſt envy 'whelm thee in the general wreck.

How

How awful is this ſilence, that now reigns
Unbounded o'er the dew-beſpangled fields.
No rural muſick floats to chear the gloom
Of ſolemn darkneſs, ſave the plaintive lays
Of Philomela, who from yon deep brake
With brambles thick, laments her hapleſs fate.
Scarce ruffled by the breeze the limpid ſtreams
In ſilence glide away; the leafy trees
Unſhaken ſtand; and all is perfect calm!
Save where o'er ſwampy marſh and ſtagnant pool,
The beetle wings her ſolitary flight,
Striking the air with many a dying ſound.
One univerſal robe all Nature wears
Horrific; nor one diſtant beam of light
Gleams thro' the gloom to chear black horror's frowns

Then thou, that bid'ſt th' unfetter'd fancy ſoar,
Leave the low world, and break into the ſkies;
From mean purſuits, that call'ſt th' indignant ſoul
To meditate the GOD——thoſe ſhining orbs,
Which gild immeaſurable ſpace, and wak'ſt
To heav'nly rapture, CONTEMPLATION, come!
And from the bright, ethereal pow'rs, that love
To lead young Nature in the vagrant courſe

Of

Of far-eccentric ſyſtems, light the torch,
Which bears the fir'd imagination, wrapt
In cloudleſs majeſty, beyond the ken
Of vulgar eyes, and ſpurns the nether world!

What ſacred awe, and reverential fear
Thrill thro' my veins, and fire my raptur'd heart!
Oh how my wand'ring fancy rolls, from ſcene
To ſcene, o'er Nature's mighty works intent!

Thou, firſt great cauſe, ſole lord of all! who liv'ſt
From all eternity, before that TIME,
And NATURE were; aw'd by thy framing word,
Upſprang from Chaos rude, a ſhapeleſs maſs,
An Ocean of confuſion! worlds on worlds
In infinite extent; ſymphonious all!

The glorious Sun, bright ſource of flaming light,
High-blazing, that illumes this beauteous frame,
With the kind influence of his piercing rays;
This globous earth in wondrous order pois'd;
The ſilver moon, that now in majeſty
Elate, rides o'er the wide expanſe of heav'n,
And all the planetary train, which gild

Th'

Th' ethereal plains immenſe, proclaim thee GOD,
Omnipotent, in wiſdom infinite!

Oh what a noble work is man; how great
In action! how majeſtical in looks!
The maſterpiece of all the univerſe!
Endued with wiſdom's intellectual blaze,
To trace effects from Nature's myſtic page:
His rapid thoughts ſublime, ride on the wings
Of fiery lightning thro' th' empyreal ſky.
His ſoul diſdaining earthly things, upſoars
Unto the heav'n of heav'ns, and mingling there
With forms celeſtial, with contemptuous look
Beholds the leſs'ning world beneath him fly:
Th' harmonious muſick of the tuneful ſpheres
Exalts his ſoul, and keeps his thoughts above.

O Man! the chief, the pride of Nature's works!
Oh how profuſely kind the God of all
Has been to thee! for thee the world was made!
For thee the blooming ſpring her incenſe yields,
And clothes the ſcented mead with od'rous flow'rs!
For thee creation ſmiles! for thee the vine
Beneath the purple cluſter bends to chear

The

The vacant hour, and drive heart-rending cares,
Pernicious to the health; and autumn rich,
Lavish of fruit, redundant scatters round
The copious harvest; soft Pomona too
From loaded orchards brings her luscious stores.
The warbling birds, whose lays mellifluous chear
The list'ning forests; and the grateful flocks,
That sport light-skipping o'er the herbag'd lawn,
Contend, ambitious, which shall please thee most.

Then, man, high-favor'd man, with sacred hymns,
Seraphic, sing thy great Creator's praise!
Let songs of never-ceasing gratitude
Be rais'd t' adore his love! let every heart
In veneration wrapt, attune the lyre
To celebrate the bounteous GOD, that breath'd
Celestial wisdom o'er thy vital frame,
And made thee lord of all this spacious ball!

But turn, my Muse, and lead my vagrant steps
Thro' yonder chestnut grove,* to where the walls

* A Grove situated at the foot of Guildford castle.

Of yon huge fabric‖, lift their hoary tops,
Tott'ring with age, with clasping ivy crown'd.

Within these reliques of antiquity,
Far-fam'd of old, tho' now an uncouth heap
Of ruin fall'n, the youthful Alfred† bled,
And fell a victim to a traitor's hate.

But say, unhappy prince, could not the pray'rs
Of sacred truth, of bleeding innocence,
Dissuade stern Harold from the bloody deed?
Could not the tender years of harmless youth
Draw drops of pity from the tyrant's brow,
And change his vile intent to gentle tears
Of soft remorse? oh no! no tears could move,
No pray'rs could pierce his adamantine heart!
Not ev'n the eyes of this offenceless prince

‖ Guildford Castle.

† Alfred, with his Brother Edward, was invited over from Normandy by Earl Goodwin; who formed a treacherous design of murdering them. Goodwin, finding it impracticable to entangle them both at once in his snare, resolved to perpetrate his treason upon Alfred the eldest, whom he arrested with all his followers in the castle of Guildford, by virtue of Harold's order. Upon this occasion he is said to have tampered with the prince, by offering his interest, on condition he should marry his daughter; and that Alfred having rejected the proposal with some expressions of disdain, he was so incensed at the affront, that he massacred six hundred Normans, by whom he was attended.

SMOLLETT's Hist. of ENG.

Could glut the fell, inhuman tyrant's rage!
But he in dark impriſonment muſt waſte
The promis'd years of happineſs and youth.

Ah wretched prince, how hard thy lot? condemn'd
To drag a life of miſery, confin'd
Within a rugged caſtle's iron gates!
Chearleſs, in moping melancholy doom'd
To waſte the lazy day! but what, alas!
Is *day* to thee, depriv'd of ſight! tis but
A long ſucceſſion of perpetual night!
Yet grieve not, prince, the Muſe, the gen'rous muſe,
That travels o'er the ſpacious world, in queſt
Of brave, heroic fortitude, ſhall give
Thy noble virtues to immortal fame.

Hail, venerable pile! beneath thy roofs,
Now eaten thro' with time, the luckleſs JOHN
A ſhort refreſhment found from public cares;
Till his bold peers with proud rebellion ſhook
The tottering throne, and 'whelm'd Britannia's ſons
In civil tumult; glorious tumult! whence
Illuſtrious ſprang the BRITISH LIBERTY.

LIBERTY,

LIBERTY, ſpontaneous produce of our iſle!
And lovely PEACE, congenial ſiſters hail!
Beneath your gentle ſway, fair COMMERCE ſpreads
Her ſilken wings, luxuriant to the wind,
And wafts the wealth of India to our ports.
Protected by your pow'r, bright SCIENCE rears
Her welcome enſigns; every noble ART,
Which forms the pliant mind, or dignifies
The generous ſoul, our hardy youth imbibe
And plant each moral virtue in their breaſts.
Shadow'd by peace, they give a looſe to love,
And breathe their ſouls on Celia's ſnowy breaſt:
But if inſulting Gaul moleſts their peace
With waſteful war, or liberty inſpires,
Furious they fall upon their ſtartled foes.

Witneſs proud Gallia, to the truth I ſing:
When matchleſs Edward*, England's glory, ſtrew'd
Fam'd Creſſy's field with thouſands of thy ſons:
When Henry,§ juſtly fired at Charles's pride,
Rous'd all the Britiſh Lion in his breaſt,

* Edward the black prince, ſon to Edward III.

§ Henry V.

And led his arms victorious to the walls
Of lofty Paris; where thy king, abaſh'd,
Ignobly bow'd beneath the Britiſh yoke.
When armies fell beneath the conq'ring ſword
Of godlike MARLBRO'†, where th' obſtructed Rhone,
Swoll'n with the dead, his crimſon billows roll'd.
With thee, illuſtrious man! thy brother chiefs,
Britannia's pride, and terror of the world!
In endleſs glory ſhine; GRANBY‖ the brave,
And princely WILLIAM‡, and with them the chief §,
Who fell a victim in his country's cauſe.

Methinks I ſee the gallant hero ride
Triumphant o'er proud Gallia's ſlaughter'd ſons,
Courage upon his helmet ſits enthron'd,
And conſcious vigor ſparkles in his eyes.
Th' heroic warrior now, like angry Mars,
Raiſes aloft his glitt'ring ſpear, and hurls
Quick deſolation on his ſhudd'ring foes.

† John Duke of Marlborough.

‖ Late Marquis of Granby

‡ Late Duke of Cumberland.

§ Major General Wolfe, ſlain at the ſiege of Quebec.

The

The dauntleſs ſoldiers from their leaders catch
The riſing flame : their fiery ſpirits glow
With the big hopes of glory and renown.
Renown and endleſs glory, juſt rewards
Of never-fearing ſoul ! Behold with ſwords
Imbrued in blood, impetuous they ruſh
To battle ; whilſt the thund'ring cannons roar,
Whoſe curling ſmoke obſcures the face of day,
And courage-rouſing drums, and trumpets ſhrill,
In wild confuſion mixt, ſpread horror round,
Horror on horror thrown : The air convuls'd,
Loudly reſounds the horrid din of arms :
Old Ocean trembles thro' his wide domain :
The ſedge-crown'd Naiads, Oreads, Dryads, all,
Fly howling to their caves : The doubtful fray
Glows with redoubled rage : the claſhing ſpears
Glitter terrific in the wondring ſky.
Each burniſh'd ſhield, obnoxious to the ſun,
Gath'ring his rays upon its convex orb,
Flames like another ſun. Th' enſanguined field
O'erflows with blood ; and groans of dying chiefs
Rend the high concave of aſtoniſh'd heav'n :
Whilſt grizly death, proud of his booty, rides,

Grinning

Grinning deſtruction, 'midſt the mountain-piles
Of murder'd men, glutting his ruthleſs jaws
With human gore. But ſee, environ'd round
With ſquadrons of his foes, the general ſtands,
Chearing his dreadleſs ſoldiers to the fight:
" Ne'er be it ſaid, my noble countrymen,
" That daſtard French could awe a Britiſh ſoul.
" What! ſhall we fly baſe Frenchmen? we, that oft
" Have hew'd their armies down, & made them crouch
" To murky caves for ſhelter from our arms:
" No, no, my friends: revenge your ſov'reign's wrongs,
" Or die illuſtrious in the great attempt:
" So ſhall the heroes, yet unborn, revere
" Your gallant deeds, and after-ages raiſe
" The ſculptur'd buſt in honor of your names."

At this the Britons with new fury ruſh
Upon their ſhrinking foes, and ſpread around
Deſtruction, Death, confuſion, and diſmay.
As when a torrent from ſome lofty rock,
From broken cliff to cliff deſcending, rolls
The ſwelling tides, 'till burſting in the fall,
The billowy deluge flows tumultuous on,

Scorning

Scorning all oppoſition in his way;
And at a ſweep reſiſtleſs bears along
Flocks, ſhepherds, cottages, and trees, and all
To his blind rage, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey.

But ſee, the French retire: confuſion runs
O'er all their ſcatter'd bands: aghaſt the ſtand
Dreading the thunder of Britannia's ſons:
Now rally all their diſunited ſtrengths,
And ſtrive again t'attack their conq'ring foes;
O vain attempt! for certain death awaits
Their ling'ring ſteps confus'd: and nought but flight,
Ignoble flight, can ſave their deſtin'd lives.
Awhile they ſtand in conſultation fixt,
But ſafety turns their haſt'ning ſteps to flight,
And winged fear adds pinions to their heels.

Hark the glad trumpets, and melodious fifes,
In joyful concert join'd, aloud proclaim
The glorious day: and Victory comes diſplay'd
Upon our ſtreaming enſigns, crown'd with pure,
Unfading laurel. But, oh diſmal ſight!
Caſt thy ſad eyes around, and yonder view,
Weltring in blood, the gaſping hero lies,

Smiling

Smiling contented in the arms of death.
Inexorable death! could'ſt thou not ſpare
His much-lov'd life? could not the thouſands ſlain
Suffice thy fell rapacious jaws? oh no!
The conqueror a ſacrifice muſt fall
To his invidious rage! But yet, proud death,
In ſpite of all thy rancour. the great chief,
Mounts on the wings of victory to heav'n,
And *lives* for ever crown'd with deathleſs fame.

Oh happy ALBION, ever may'ſt thou reign
The wonder of the world! for ever guard
Thy blood-bought FREEDOM from invading pow'rs!
FREEDOM the nurſe of arts, the balm of life!
Secure in thy own native liberty,
Canſt thou behold the trembling nations bow
Beneath the weight of lawleſs tyranny
Suppreſt: and while the ſwarthy Indian ſweats
Under the load of galling ſervitude,
Where ſcorching ſuns, with ſultry rays intenſe,
Dry up the arid waſte, may'ſt revel wide,
In joy, contentment, happineſs and love,
Untainted, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.

But

But ſee o'er yonder hill Aurora leads
The ſaffron morn, chaſing the miſty ſhades
Of flying night; and newly-riſen ſwains,
With roſeate health all blooming on their brows,
To the green paſtures drive their ſnow-white ſheep.
Content to feed their tender lambs, they know
No wild deſires, no thoughts impure! and all
Their great ambition to excell in tunes
On the ſhrill oaten pipe! their luxury
The beechen ſhade! oh happy luxury,
How far unlike the vanity of towns!
Where luxury courteth to deſtroy; and where
Inſidious pleaſure throws her bait to take
Unguarded mortals, who deluded catch
The fancied happineſs, charm'd with the ſight
Of viſionary joys; but little think
That poiſon's hid beneath the gilded ſnare!
Here Pleaſure keeps her ſpacious courts, and leads
Her airy votaries to ideal bliſs,
And empty joys; and ſtrews the dazzling paths
With gaudy flow'rs, envenomed with gall!
O fly, incautious youth, the Syren ſnare
Of Pleaſure's lure; but from the nectar'd bowl

Of Virtue quaff the ſweets of true content!
If once entrapp'd, deſpair and ſorrow gnaw
Thy bleeding heart! corroding cares and fears
Ever torment her giddy followers!
Enervate luxury will ſoon efface
Thy bloom of beauty! no refreſhing reſt
Will ſoothe thy wearied mind from anxious thoughts,
But ſtern remorſe, and all her impious crew,
From the bright ſhrines of pleaſure, hurl thee down
To the dark caverns of deſpair and ſhame!

O VIRTUE, ſtill direct my ſteps to keep
The paths of innocence! dart o'er my ſoul
Thy chearing rays, and fire my glowing breaſt
With noble ſparks of wiſdom and of love!
That often as the gentle ev'ning caſts
Her ſable mantle o'er this nether world,
I may with thee, and meditation join:
Or if it pleaſe, MARIA, heav'nly fair!
Bright paragon of beauties! hand in hand
We'll tread theſe lovely, conſecrated groves;
And from each gently-whiſp'ring Zephyr catch
Freſh ardors to improve the active mind;

Until

Until our ſouls, refin'd from earthly droſs,
Mount in full glory to their native ſkies,
And ſhine as beauteous as the riſing day.

TO MR. WILLIAM EYER,

OF BLOCK-AND-BLOCK, NEAR

PORTSMOUTH,

ON LEAVING THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF GUILDFORD.

Tam chari capitis! HORAT.

FOR busy scenes, in wild disorder hurl'd,
You quit the pleasures of the school-boy state;
And mingle in the business of the world,
A world of trouble, envy, and deceit!

No more shall we in pleasing converse trace
Th' enamell'd meadow, and the grassy plain:
When shadowy Vesper veils pale Nature's face,
And setting Phœbus gilds the western main.

Hou

How jovial paſs'd the ſocial hour away,
When freed from Virgil, and old Homer's lore,
We ſpent the precincts of the parting day,
And run the works of Nature o'er and o'er.

Bleſt with the pleaſures of our happier fates,
We ſcorn'd the pomps that vain ambition waits;
Beheld the riſe of monarchs and of ſtates,
Without one anxious longing to be great.

At miſery's ſuppliant voice, thy melting breaſt
With pity glow'd, thine eyes with generous tears;
Thou heard'ſt the prayers of the deep diſtreſt,
Reliev'd their wants, & ſhar'd their weighty fears

Yet ſtill, my friend, amidſt this world of care,
Maintain that godlike nobleneſs of ſoul;
Let love and innocence thy boſom ſhare,
And generous pity dignify the whole.

Let

Let heav'nly virtue o'er thy heart preſide,
And ſtainleſs honor all thy actions ſway——
'Tis *theſe*, which lead us ſafe o'er life's rough tide,
And drive the horrors of *to die* away.

June 1774.

LOVE IS UNIVERSAL:

AN ODE.

GENTLE Cupid, come along,
Aid the love-devoted ſong;
Faſtly bound in ſilken chains
Bring the GRACES to our plains:
Love for ever reign poſſeſt
Monarch of each manly breaſt!

Shepherds, kings, and heroes twine
Wreaths of roſes round thy ſhrine;
Matchleſs Cæſar, great in arms,
Sunk in beauties ſofter charms;
Left the noiſe of war awhile,
Sweetly loſt in beauties ſmile.
Lovely Sylvia, Damon views,
Fairer than her ſnow-white ewes:

They Elizium ſweetly prove
In the ſacred flames of love :——
All muſt Cupid's laws obey ;
All muſt own his lenient ſway !
Whilſt thy ſervant fondly ſings,
Joy of ſwains, delight of kings,
Gentle Cupid, come along,
Aid the love-devoted ſong ;
Faſtly bound in ſilken chains,
Bring the GRACES to our plains :
Love for ever reign poſſeſt,
Monarch of each manly breaſt.

1774.

AUTUMN;

AUTUMN;

A POEM.

Written in the Year 1774.

Varios ponit fœtus Autumnus. VIRGIL.

AUTUMN:

A POEM.

O'ER fields of ripen'd corn, that gayly ſpread
Their golden waving treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant, and undulating form
A bearded ocean, and amidſt the cries
Of grateful mortals, who enraptur'd view
The bright rewards of induſtry and toil;
See, Autumn comes, ſurrounded with a troop
Of goodly nymphs, ſerenely eminent.

Far ſpread around, maturely beautiful,
In bright perfection, view whatever bloom'd
In ſpring, in ſummer ripen'd by the heat,
Concoctive, of revolving ſuns benign,
Obſequious ſporting with the playful breeze,

And

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A POEM.

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Concoctive, of revolving ſuns benign,
Obſequious ſporting with the playful breeze,

And

And court the ſickle of laborious hinds.

Now when Aurora up the eaſtern hills
Drives her white ſteeds, and ſtuds the bluſhing ſky
With pearls pellucid of returning light,
The joyful reapers ſtand, in many a row,
Before the corn light-bending to their hands,
Each with the laſs, he loves, blooming as May,
In ruſtic majeſty, exquiſitely fair !
With hearts elate with joy, and homely pride,
Unknown to vain ambition, and the cares
Which empty titles bring ; their thoughts confin'd,
Unanxious of to-morrow, bleſt with all
Contentment can beſtow, eager they preſs,
In emulation full, which ſhall obtain
The maſtery, and reign the king ſupreme
Of all the reaper-train. O happy he,
Thrice happy man ! who with the toilſome hook,
Aſſiduous, nobly gains the flow'ry wreath,
With labor earn'd. Admiring and admir'd,
He lives the pride and wonder of the plain.
The hardy youth, with emulation ſtruck,
Deeply-aſſiduous, ſtrive to make their toil,

Coequal

Coequal to his fame ; not led by hate,
Or envy, pining at their rival's name,
But emulation, emulation, prime
Of earthly virtues, heav'nly born ! that fires
Th' aſpiring ſoul to acts of high renown.
'Twas this, which rous'd great Philip's warlike ſon
To glorious atchievments vaſt, and bore
His dreaded name in terror round the world.
E'en whilſt I meditate on his bold deeds,
The ſacred ſtreams of emulations, ſtrong,
Burſt on my ſoul, and bear my ſoaring Muſe
Sublime, regardleſs of her humbler theme !

Now, ſee, o'er all the field the yellow ſheaves
Innumerous riſe : thither by toil extreme,
And Phœbus' ſultry rays compell'd, they haſte
Shepherds and nymphs, and lads, and laſſes brown
With rough meridian labor, fairer far
To them, than thoſe, on whom vain fortune frail,
Inconſtant, has beſtowed her ampleſt gifts,
A tranſient dream, the bleſſings of an hour !
Conſcious delight, and active vigor firm
Sit thron'd upon each gladſome brow ; young joy,

And

And calm content, his lov'd compeer! preſide
O'er every heart, and bid the jeſt to fly
Innoxious, and the poignant ſarcaſm, oft
The cauſe of many a laugh robuſt. So paſs
The jovial hours in love ineffable,
And perfect harmony ſerene, unknown
To envious taunts malignant, or the jars
Of hated diſcord, child of loweſt hell!
Who oft with dire, Tartarean fury fraught,
Breeds enmity in monarchs, and maintains
The hell-begotten monſter with her blood;
'Till from fell enmity, a monſter ſtill
More fell ſtarts forth gigantic, horrid war,
Grim-viſag'd, ſtain'd with human gore! who leads
Havoc, and devaſtation thro' the land,
Sick'ning to ruin. Oh! 'tis then, ye ſwains,
Your ſweet delights, and homely joys are turn'd
To ſorrow and deſpair! your ſhepherd crooks,
And fruitful fields, bending with loads of corn,
To claſhing ſpears, and ſcenes of inſtant death!
O ſing, my Muſe, if yet thy feeble wing
Can ſoar above the ſcene of horror, ſing
The hapleſs fate of thy once dear Philander,

Now loſt, for ever loſt! oh tort'ring thought!
Tho' once the happieſt ſhepherd of the plain
In virtue, honor, and the ſweets of love!

Far in a vale, ſequeſter'd from the world,
A lowly cottage roſe, embower'd round
With ſtanding elm, about whoſe ſpreading boughs
The circling woodbine twin'd her amorous folds,
Emitting ſweets nectareous. Op'ning lawns,
Cloud-piercing hills, and clear, tranſlucent ſtreams,
And meadows, far empurpled o'er with flow'rs,
Gay-chequer'd, of innumerable dyes,
Diverſified the ſcene. The tuneful birds,
As conſcious of the favor'd ſpot, here fixt
Their habitation, that far off was heard
Mellifluous their promiſcuous melody.
It ſeem'd the ſeat of ſylvan deities,
And not of man, ſo happy ſeem'd the place,
Nor yet leſs happy was its gentle lord,
The good Philander with his lovely ſpouſe,
And prattling infants, till fierce Belliger,
With ruffian outrage, ſternly tore unmov'd
The bleeding huſband from the ſwooning wife,

And the diſtracted father from his babes
Helpleſs, expos'd to penury and want !
O the viciſſitudes of fate ! now he,
Who erſt was happy, happy far beyond
Compare ! dragg'd from his love, his hopes, his all,
Is forc'd to tread barbarian deſarts waſte,
Countries, which never felt the forming hand
Of cultivation ; clad in uncouth arms
To follow churliſh drums, and the rude ſound
Of clarions, and to ſtand the ſhafts of death,
Ev'n in the jaws of death : ſay, guiltleſs ſwain,
(For guiltleſs ſtill thou art, untoucht with blood
In ſeas of blood) ſay, can thy tender breaſt,
Where dying groans, and drums and fifes contend
As 'twere for victory, fondly forget,
Thou once were bleſt, and ſhun the racking pains
Of recollection ? no, it cannot be !
Frail nature cannot bear the tort'ring thought !
But ſee, with a loud ſigh his ſpotleſs ſoul
Has left its lifeleſs ſeat, and upward flies,
Attended with a bright ſeraphic choir
To glorious manſions of eternal bliſs !

Our

Our teeming granaries amply ſtor'd with corn,
Behold the blithſome ſwains and buxom nymphs
In rural frolics gambol o'er the plain,
Extolling high the God of harveſt; whilſt
The diſtant hills, and ecchoing vallies ring
With joyful acclamation. Every field,
And conſcious meadow laughs around, and ſeems
To ſtrike ſpontaneous in the general joy.

Whilſt bounteous Autumn yet benignly pours
Her boundleſs bleſſings from her golden horn,
Let me with thee, my gen'rous friend*, enjoy
Pomona's ſweet retreats; that friend, who taught
My youthful Muſe to prune her tender wing,
And my young thoughts to ſoar: be thine the taſk
To trace the myſtic ſources of divine
Philoſophy; be mine to hear and learn;
Till I, enrich'd from Wiſdom ſacred page,
Like thee may quaff the ſweet Caſtalian ſpring.

Deep-fluſh'd, behold the mellow orchard teem
With ruddy fruit profuſe, which vainly try

The Rev. Mr. ****.

To emulate the virgin's rising blush,
Rich apples, sea-wall'd Britain's native fruit.

Proud of her own Britannia values not
Arabia's softer produce, nor the rich
Luxurious unguents of Circassian lands
Effeminate! that unperceiv'd steal thro'
The languid frame, and soon emasculate
The mental, nobler powers of the soul,
Weak and enfeebled; nor the golden fruit,
That shines o'er all Hesperia's fertile clime,
Esteem'd by some the paradise of old!

Oh happy Britain! o'er whose flow'ry vales,
Irriguous, lavish Nature flings benign
Her choicest produce; and where hand in hand
United Ceres and Lyœus walk
In gay delight, and lay their mingled stores
Submissive at thy feet. The vocal groves,
And ecchoing hills, in rural concert, hail
The bounteous pair; whilst wanton Zephyrs play
Among the foliage of the cluster'd vine,
And with the rifled fragrance of the tree

Of

Of mirthful Bacchus ſcent the breathing air,
Embalm'd, prolific of ambroſial ſweets.

Full perfect now the glowing vintage feaſts
The raviſh'd eyes: the buſy huſbandman,
Deeply-intent, prepares the ſprightly juice,
That ſmooths the wrinkled brow of care, and drowns
In ſweet forgetfulneſs the ills of life.
Hence favor'd man enjoys the ſweets divine
Of friendſhip's ſacred flame: 'tis this diſpels
Black Hypochondria's drowſy glooms, that check
The noble efforts of the ſoul repreſt,
'Tis this, which adds new luſtre to the roſe
That beautifies the ruddy face of health,
And firmly forms the ſturdy ſwain for toil.

Bluſh, drunkards, bluſh, ye drowſy, ſleeping crew,
Floating on pleaſure's treacherous wave, o'ercloy'd
With luxury, who, perverting Nature's ends,
Change good to evil! think ye, the ſparkling bowl
Was made for riot and debauch? To glut
The longings of a ſottiſh mind? no, no,
Miſtaken wretches! for a purer end:

To

To ſweeten life, to raiſe the drooping ſoul;
Enliven converſation, and to give
A reliſh to refin'd ſociety.

Then hence, far hence be they, that like the owl,
In ſolitary corners dream away
The ſlow-pac'd, or on the downy bed
Of ſloth ſupine, 'till ev'ning friendly veil
Again o'erſpreads this clouded hemiſphere,
When conſtant they repair to pleaſure's gay,
Effeminated rout; and greedy ſuck
At every guzzling ſtrain, pernicious draughts;
Until the roſy-footed morn returns,
And lights them reeling to their lazy beds.

At Phœbus' early dawn, the echoing horn
Summons the eager-hunting crew; each hill,
And dale reſounds their clamorous notes; and now
Behold the ſtately ſtag, alert and ſtrong,
Flies from his ſecret lair, the nimble dogs,
Quick-ſcented, follow hard with doubled noiſe,
Vociferous, and the hunters' joyful ſhouts,
Promiſcuous, rend the azure vault of heav'n;

And

And ſportive Echo, fond, deluſive maid,
From her remoteſt cells retir'd, ſends back
In repercuſſive ſounds the loud acclaim.
The lordly ſavage, ſwifter than the wind
In flight, oft throws a haughty look aſkance
Of conſcious triumph on his out-ſtript foes.
Alas, vain creature! cautious diligence,
Slowly advancing, will ere long o'ertake
The rapid progreſs of erroneous haſte.

The trembling beaſt, that now with ſcornful look
Beheld his weak purſuers far behind,
Breathleſs and faint, now lies a deſtin'd prey
To the blind fury of inſatiate hounds,
Ruthleſs and bloody! With a tearful eye
He views his once delightful haunts, where oft
In amorous ſport he chas'd his wanton mates,
And reign'd the undiſputed lord; but now,
What mighty change! with unremitted wrath
The rav'nous tygers tear, poor, helpleſs prey,
Abandon'd to their rage! Deſpondent now,
Once more he lifts his eyes, and ſees from far
The ſhouting hunters, ſwell'd with triumph come,

Exulting

Exulting in his death, that meanly falls
A guiltleſs victim to their brutal ſports.

Now from the plain the ſylvan throng retreat
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, omitting luſty ſhouts,
That reach the arch of heav'n; while ſparkling bowls
Of rich October wait their long'd return.
Awhile they ſit in jovial fellowſhip
Recounting oft the fortune of the chace;
Whilſt high-fill'd bumpers fly inceſſant round,
And bravely drive the labors of the day,
Mixt with gay converſe, ſongs, and ſocial joy,——
But yet amidſt this boundleſs flow of mirth,
The red-cheek'd country nymphs are not unſung:
For Delia, and Lavinia oft at times
Attract their fond regard, and ſeaſon high
The roſeate juice. Thus o'er the glaſs they ſit,
Till golden bluſhes gild the weſtern ſky,
And welcome ſleep invites them to repoſe.

Ere hoary winter's palſied hand again
Inverts the rolling year, rifles the trees,
Delightleſs, of their leafy pride, and ſtrews

Th'

Th'unvaried meadows with his virgin ſnows,
Let me far from the noiſy town, retir'd
To peaceful groves, aud unfrequented haunts
For meditation fit, enraptur'd ſing
The goodneſs infinite of GOD ſupreme.

From thee alone, ſole, univerſal Good,
Our bleſſings flow, and all our happineſs!
Thy pow'rful hand extends o'er all the globe:
Whether I ſtray o'er hot Numidia's wilds,
Or Thracia's frozen plains, alike I feel
Thy guardian influence, equally diffus'd
O'er every varying clime. Thy boundleſs love
How infinitely ſhewn to favor'd man
In fruitful Autumn! nor yet leſs when froſt,
And mantling ſnow, bleak winter's frozen train!
Enrobe the world; for they tracing unſeen
The dark retreats of vegetation, fit
Relenting Nature for the grateful beams
Of vernal ſuns, and ſoft'ring breezes mild,
That nurſe the tender bud, while yet it bears
In little embryo the delicious fruits,
Which bounteous autumn ſets mature to ſight.

O man, trembling adore the pow'r ſupreme,
When warring whirlwinds rage, and at a blaſt
Tear up whole foreſts by the roots; and when
Sulphureous lightnings flaſh from pole to pole,
And thunder rolls in ſolemn peals along
Th' ethereal plains, to clear the loaded air
From noxious fogs, and peſtilential heats,
Hurtful to man; nor, impiouſly vain,
Wreak on thy head for loſſes ſoon repair'd
The mighty vengeance of th' offended God,
Omniſcient, who conſults thy general good,
But learn with me WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN TO THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II,

PERFORMED AT THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD,

On December 13th, 14th, 15th, 1774.

WHen mighty Rome, renown'd for martial fame,
O'er all the globe diffus'd her awful name,
Her eagles led beyond the ſolar way*,
And nations own'd her univerſal ſway:
Their nervous arms the brandiſh'd jav'lin wield,
And fight for dear renown th' embattled field.
Heap'd with the ſpoils of victory and war,
Repeated triumphs grac'd the hero's car:
Yet crown'd with conqueſt, ſtill the rugged mind,
Unpoliſh'd, rude, to cruelty inclin'd;

* Extra anni, ſoliſque vias. VIRG. ÆN. 6.

'Till Greece, ſubdued, the finer arts ſupplied,
And heav'nly ſcience baniſh'd native pride.
Then after ſeries of revolving years,
The love of arts and learning firſt appears;
Some nobly dare Parnaſſus' brow to gain,
And join the dances of Apollo's train;
Others attempt in Sculpture to ſurpaſs,
And make the hero live again in braſs;
And now the general ſtudy's how to raiſe
The dormant paſſions, and to ſpeak with eaſe:
Now Eloquence in native beauty dreſt,
To nobler deeds inſpir'd each honeſt breaſt.
She taught the ſympathetic tear to flow,
The mind to feel, and melt at others woe:
But what does ſtill her laſting charms improve,
She taught them what was Liberty to love.

O fair BRITANNIA, ſea-encircled iſle,
Where freedom dwells, and peace and plenty ſmile!
Thy hardy ſons her myſtic ways ſhall trace,
And learn to ſpeak with dignity and grace.
For this to-night unfolds the annual ſcene,
For this we tread th' inſtructive ſtage again.——

Your

Your candor, like Favonian gales, revives
Our drooping hearts, and every panic drives :
Our minds with thrilling extacy will glow,
Brought by your plaudits from deſpondent woe——
Let critic ſcorn in amity be loſt,
And try with willing hands, who ſhall applaud us
moſt.

ABSENCE;

A PASTORAL.

TIR'D of the plain, and all the joys that flow
From rural ſports, unmixt with ſolemn woe,
Beneath the awful covert of an yew,
Oppreſt with cares, young Corydon withdrew.
He wept, he vow'd, his riſing ſigh confeſt
What mighty paſſion labor'd in his breaſt.
As ſecret, and retir'd the mournful dove
In fond complaint bewails her abſent love,
So mourn'd the ſwain—deep from his lab'ring breaſt
Theſe falling accents broke, and thus his cares expreſt.

Adieu, vain joy, delight, and mirthful play,
And all that charm'd my earlier youth, away!
For, ah! what pleaſure now can eaſe my heart,
Or ſoothe the anguiſh of love's piercing dart?

To

To dances too farewell ! whoſe mazy round
So oft I trod, with conſcious pleaſure crown'd :
For there 'twas firſt Fidelia bleſt my eyes,
There firſt I found the pleaſing paſſion riſe :
There firſt her charms my youthful boſom mov'd,
And ſtole my heart ere yet I knew I lov'd !
How oft I wiſh'd as then we danc'd along
A happy pair, and join'd the jocund throng,
The fates would grant that I might ever rove
Thoſe peaceful meadows, and enjoy thy love !
But ah ! the unrelenting fates ordain
My weary ſteps to tread a foreign plain,
Baniſh'd my fair, ere ſcarce I durſt impart
Thoſe ſecret pangs which triumph'd in my heart.
But why ſhould I unpitied and alone
In uſeleſs ſtrains my wretched lot bemoan ?
Fidelia hears not ! ſhe all blithe and gay,
With other ſhepherds joins in wanton play ;
Or hears, alas ! perſuaſive Damon's tongue,
Or fondly liſtens to Alexis' ſong !

Ye babling rills, that queruloufly flow
Strike in hoarſe chorus to my anxious woe;

Ye

Ye rev'rend oaks, ye laurels ever green,
Ye lofty pines, that grace the woodland ſcene;
Ye ſylvan ſongſters, whoſe prolific throats
Drown each rude clamor with your ſoothing notes;
Ye plains, ye meadows and thou breathing grove,
Be witneſs here what mighty pangs I prove!
And thou, Favonius, on thy pinions bear
My conſtant paſſion to the gentle fair:
But ah! Favonius, caught with ſelf-ſame fires,
Careſſing Flora in a kiſs expires!
From whom ſhall Corydon then ſeek relief,
Or who ſhall ſtay this ſwelling flood of grief?
Alas, there's none! let this my comfort be,
Theſe pains I bear, Fidelia, all for thee!
Yet ſomething ſeems to whiſper me, and ſay;
"Take courage, ſhepherd, drive theſe cares away—
"Fidelia, beauteous maid! thy paſſion knows:
"With equal warmth her tender boſom glows:
"Thy tongue told not th' emotions of thy breaſt,
"But, ſwain, thine eyes with greater force confeſt:
"The happy time will come, abſence be o'er,
"When both ſhall meet, and part perhaps no more.'

Soon may it be! ye minutes faſtly move,
And bear me to her on the wings of love!
Fidelia's kind; ſhe ſhares an equal flame!
Tranſcendent Daphne ſeem'd to hint the ſame.
Whene'er ſhe ſaw me ſtill Fidelia hung,
And dwelt for ever on her eaſy tongue.
Then firmly fix'd on this, no more will I
Deſpairing here to ſecret bowers fly,
But with her name I'll chide the hours away,
Till circling time ſhall bring our MEETING DAY—
So hence, ye tears, ye ſullen ſighs adieu!
She may, ſhe muſt, ſhe cannot but be true.

January. 1775.

AN ODE.

AN ODE.

SEE, ſee, my fair, in pleaſing notes
The warblers on the ſpray;
They ſwell their ſweetly-flowing throats
To hail this happy day:
'Tis love their little ſoul inſpires,
Refines their lays, and feeds the tender fires.

Eſcap'd the ſtormy winter's rage,
The fowler's treacherous ſnares,
In bliſsful pains their thoughts engage,
And chirp about in pairs:
Thus one ſhort ſpring conjoin'd they rove,
And taſte the joys of Hymeneal love.

Let us like them, Maria, now
To each our faith impart;
Kind heav'n, confirm the plighted vow;
And Hymen fix the heart!
But not like birds, one ſeaſon true——
For years, for life and make them ever new.

So ſhall each happy morning riſe
To give us new delight;
Content each day ſhall crown our joys,
And raptures mark the night;
Till Nature's race ſhall reach the goal,
Then pleas'd to heav'n we'll yield the willing ſoul.

FRIENDSHIP,

FRIENDSHIP,

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO MR. D-----F---, JUN. CHICHESTER.

FRIENDSHIP, pure eſſence of celeſtial fire,
For thee, for thee I ſtrike the warbling lyre!
Loſt in thy praiſe th'unfetter'd fancy flies,
Borne on poetic rapture to the ſkies:
Contemning things below, ſhe boldly ſoars,
Beholds new worlds, and ſyſtems new explores.
O who can trace the great primeval cauſe,
Sound Nature's depths, inveſtigate her laws?
How wondrous! as the mind aſtoniſh'd ſpies
Syſtems on ſtill ſucceeding ſyſtems riſe;

No inconſiſtent part, no breach appears,
No jarring diſcord to confound their ſpheres!
But perfect harmony and concord reign,
And all this univerſe of worlds ſuſtain.
Thro' all the floral tribe, whoſe varied bloom
The liquid air embalms with ſweet perfume.
The ſame conſiſtent unity we ſcan;
Nought diſagrees but reaſonable man!
Oh heav'n! ſhall man, in wand'ring paſſions loſt,
On madding waves of diſcord ſtill be toſt?
Shall *he*, that crown'd with wiſdom, bears impreſt
His great Creator's image in his breaſt,
O'er heaps of carnage drive th' incenſed car?
Open the portals of tremendous war?
Set havoc looſe to range, and drench the plain
With reeking crimſon of his brother ſlain?
Forbid it heav'n! let hoſtile tumult ceaſe,
And ſoothe the reſtleſs nations into peace!
Let genial friendſhip calm th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
And reaſon's laws unruly thoughts controul!
Baniſh ambition from th' aſpiring breaſt
That hated foe to amity and reſt!

No more let giant pride, with tyrant ſway,
Down faſhion's torrent bear the ſoul away:
So ſhall benignant Jove, with bounteous hand,
Pour real bleſſings on each happy land:
Love univerſal, friendſhip unconfin'd,
Shall eaſe the mutual troubles of the mind.
Infernal wars, and buſy factions ceaſe,
And change to ſocial harmony and peace.

Such pleaſing joys as theſe, my friend, we prove,
When loſt in pure refin'd diſcourſe we rove:
View Nature's beauties, that continuous riſe
In bright profuſion to the raviſh'd eyes;
Or borne on contemplation's wing, admire
Dryden's vaſt flight, or Pope's exalted fire.
Now with great Milton mounts the ſoul on high,
And views the wonders of th' empyreal ſky;
Now ſliding downwards to the realms of death,
In fancy's eye ſurveys the world beneath.
Attentive now we turn th' hiſtoric page,
And learn the actions of each diſtant age:
How bravely Cato, glorious in his fate,
With freedom died to ſave a falling ſtate.

How

How Cæſar battled ; how with winning art
Perſuaſive Tully ſooth'd the flinty heart :
Still as we turn the learned volumes o'er,
The more we wonder, and are pleas'd the more ;
The raptur'd boſom glows with purer fire,
And ruder thoughts in friendſhip's blaze expire.

1773.

THE INVITATION ;

THE INVITATION; TO FIDELIA.

------- Tibia lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis : tibi candida Naiis
Pallentes violas et ſumma papavera carpens,
Narciſſum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
VIRGIL.

HASTE, Fidelia, come away,
Hence with every fond delay !
Leave, O leave Guildfordian ſwains ;
Leave the happy fields and plains,
Where the Wey meand'ring glides,
Winding ſlow his treacherous* tides.

* The Author of theſe poems narrowly eſcaped drowning in this river on the morning of June 10th, 1775.

Goodwood's‖ groves ſhall now awhile
Every anxious thought beguile ;
Whilſt with ardent joy we tread
Flow'ry lawn, and daiſied mead.
Hark, from each prolific ſpray,
Breaks the ſweetly-warbled lay :
From a thouſand thrilling throats
Still the rural muſic floats :
Flora here with ceaſeleſs care
Wreathes a garland for my fair ;
From her num'rous train of flow'rs,
Decks for thee the ſylvan bow'rs :
Lilies, dreſt in ſpotleſs white,
Joyous meet the raviſh'd ſight ;
Sweetly blended with the roſe,
All their mingled bloom diſcloſe :
But when you approach, my fair,
Sprightly, gay, and debonair,
See, the lily ſeems to fade ;
Drooping hangs her jealous head :

‖ The ſeat of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, about four miles diſtant from Chicheſter.

Pierc'd with rage, and ſecret woe,
Sees thy whiter breaſt of ſnow,
Where the Cupids ſport and play,
Sylphs in raptures melt away.
Queen of May, the lovely roſe,
With inferior luſtre glows
Than thy blooming cheeks, o'erſpread
With a bluſh of ruby red.

Free from care, ſupinely lay'd,
Here beneath the cooling ſhade;
Whilſt on downy-feather'd wing,
All the fragrance of the ſpring
Odoriferous Zephyrs bear,
Thro' the ſoft embalmed air;
You ſhall ſing, in melting ſtrain,
Pyramus, and Thiſbe's pain,
Croſt by fate, and luckleſs love,
Croſt by all the pow'rs above:
Phœbus' ſelf ſhall tune the lyre,
Phœbus ſhall the ſong inſpire:
Lambs and ewes ſhall ceaſe to graze,
Fondly loſt in ſweet amaze:

Pan and all the rural pow'rs
Shall forſake their ſacred bow'rs ;
Linnets hearken on the ſpray,
Zephyrs too forget to play ;
Whilſt the whole creation round,
Liſtens to the magic ſound,
I of all ſupremely bleſt,
Soft reclining on thy breaſt,
Warm'd with chaſte, ſeraphic fire,
In a maze of ſweets expire.

AD

AD AMICUM.

NUNC age, excuſſis animo, ſodalis,
Triſtibus curis, virides relinpue
Belgicæ* gentis variis nitentes
Meſſibus agros.

Hic bibes mecum recubans Falernum,
Et fruens ulmi placidâ quiete,
Arva quà lambit ſaliente lymphâ
Vitreus amnis.

Igneos ictus viridans repellet
Otioſis ſylva, et amœna leni
Aura ſpirabit Zephyri ſuſurro
Pectori amorem.

* Veteres Hantoniæ incolæ appellabantur Belgæ.

Panque montanus, celereſque Fauni,
Ac decens Nympharum aderunt caterva,
Dum canis Flacci citharâ faceti
Digna Mariæ.

Occupemus ſic fugitiva vitæ
Gaudia ! an nobis, quid Iberus ardens,
Quidve Galli fruſtrà agitent minaces
Mente doloſâ ?

Torva quas umbras cruciet Megæra ?
Quas ſtrepens oras feriatve Tethys ?
Quas deûm rex nunc jaculetur arces
Fulmine miſſo ?

Dum licet, labens patiturque tempus,
Flore præcincti caput, accinamus
Fervidos ignes, minimè anxii quid
Cura futura.

1775.

Tranſlated

Tranſlated by Mr. D----- F--- Jun.

COME now, my friend, while youth remains,
Let anxious cares deſert thy breaſt,
Forſake awhile Hantonia's plains,
In ſummer's various beauties dreſt.

Beneath a verdant ſhade reclin'd,
With me the grateful time employ,
Where limpid rills their courſes wind,
Falernian juice ſhall raiſe our joy.

Now ſhelter'd from the ſcorching ray
We'll taſte the pleaſures of the grove;
Where Zephyrus in wanton play
Shall breathe the genuine ſweets of love:

While mountain Pan, and ſprightly Fauns
Attend thy ſoft Horatian lyre,
With Nymphs that grace the flow'ry lawns;
Maria ſhall the ſong inſpire.

Thus

Thus let us grasp the fleeting hours,
That yet with purest transports teem;
Nor dread what mischiefs foreign pow'rs
'Gainst Albion's safety vainly scheme.

Within our calm retreats secure,
No fears shall discompose the mind:
What ghosts infernal pangs endure,
To stern Megæra's chains consign'd,

Concern us not—nor 'gainst what shore
The rushing waves impetuous move;
At what doom'd fortress thunders roar,
Hurl'd by the arm of angry Jove.

Whilst time and freedom are our own,
Let us our loves in songs declare;
With flow'ry wreaths our temples crown,
Regardless of to-morrow's care.

A
PINDARIC ODE
UPON THE
NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

VIRGIL.

Written in 1775.

ODE

ON THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

I.

HARK, hark! proceed theſe dulcet notes divine
From lab'ring fancy? or the empty, vain
Deluſions of a dream, thus laid ſupine
Enjoying balmy eaſe? no! ſtill I hear
The ſolemn-ſounding ſtrain!
And ſtill the ſacred ſymphonies inſpire
My glowing breaſt, and dwell upon the ear
Sweeter, ſweeter far,
Than when the Theban turrets roſe,
Built by the muſic of Amphion's lyre:
Or where ſilent Lethe flows,
Orpheus touch'd the melting ſtring,
That charm'd the liſt'ning ghoſts, and hell's tremendous king.

II.

Rob'd in heav'nly luſtre bright,
From yon cloud of golden light,
See concordant Angels ſing
Glory to th' ALMIGHTY KING.
" Pleas'd we raiſe
" Songs of praiſe
" To the living throne above :
" Glory, glory, worſhip, love
" Aſcend the greeting ſkies,
" A pleaſing ſacrifice
" To heav'ns empyreal dome !
" And to man's recover'd race
" Peace we ſing, and healing grace ;
" The ſerpent vanquiſh'd, and the ſaviour come. "

III.

As Nature once with tender care
Let fall for man the pitying tear,
Deceiv'd by him, who now in chains,
And hedg'd with haggard horrors dire
Diſtorted groans with endleſs pains,
In lakes of inextinguiſhable fire :

Tho'

Tho' rigid ice, and hoary ſnows,
Bleak winter's Hyperborean train,
Deform the joyleſs plain
And ravag'd meadows drear;
For man redeem'd, now glows
With all the beauty of the vernal year:
And ſkipping mountains, blith and gay,
Congratulant, ſalute the long-expected day!

IV.

High-ſeated on the golden throne,
Eternal KING, immenſe, alone,
For thy unbounded grace
To Adam's ſinful race,
May I this ſong of praiſe
In grateful tribute raiſe
To thee unblam'd!—What ardors roll
Thro' every vein and fire my ſoul?
Ev'n now methinks on Seraph's wings
Sublimely borne on air I fly;
My ſoul on eager pinions ſprings,
Shakes off her earth and burſts into the ſky!

V.

The Prince of peace appears! Infernal war
Shall ravage now the reſting world no more;
Nor mad'ning thunder of the rapid car
Again affright the mind; nor human gore,
Freſh-reeking from the wound, beſtain
The ſpotleſs boſom of the verdant plain:
The wrathful ſpears, and ſwords, that late
The awful miniſters of fate,
Dealt death around, and wild turmoil,
Converted now
Into the bending plough,
Furrow for human uſe the fertile ſoil.
Anxious grief and gloomy care,
Furious, haggard-ey'd deſpair,
Blind revenge, and ſullen hate,
Slaughter red, the child of fate,
Envy her own meagre peſt,
Baleful rage with ſnaky creſt,
Shall now no more, engend'ring ſtrife,
With mingled bane diſturb th' unruffled breaſt,
And ſtrew with rugged thorn th' obſtructed paths of life.

VI

VI

Juſtice again from heav'ns auſpicious height,
Deſcends to earth majeſtically bright;
And o'er the world her equal ſcale extends;
Gay-ſmiling Peace, with olive wand,
O'er ſtruggling nations throws the ſocial band:
Rapine and lawleſs rage beneath her ſceptre bends.
Sweet Innocence, celeſtial maid,
Lovely, in native charms array'd,
Walks all this beauteous fabric round,
With Truth ſincere, in artleſs guiſe:
Devotion meek, of thought profound,
Bids the rapt ſoul to heav'ns high manſions riſe.
Superſtition hence, avaunt!
Nor dare with impious ſtalk malign
Approach Devotion's hallow'd ſhrine!
Go, gain the ſolitary haunt
Of ſheeted ghoſts, and ſpectres dire,
Huge Chimæras, breathing fire,
And all the viſionary train,
That vex th' infatuated brain;

Till

Till mad at length with unſubſtantial woe,
Thy own-rais'd monſters preſs to native ſhades below

VII.

O'er earth what change! ſee barren deſarts bloom!
See balmy ſweet, Sabæan, rich perfume
In frequent clouds from dreary foreſts riſe!
See lilies fair, and Sharon's beauteous roſe
On prickly thorns invite the raviſh'd eyes!
O'er thirſty waſtes the winding rivulet flows
In mournful cadence ſoft, and ſpreads
A living verdure o'er the growing meads,
Where late nor op'ning flow'r, nor vernal green
Adorn'd the rude, uncultivated ſcene!
The gladſome ſwains, aſtoniſh'd hear
Unuſual muſick greet the liſt'ning ear,
And fill the vocal grove;
Where fierce Hyrcanian tygers dread,
In ſullen pomp were wont to rove,
For whoſe fell ſport the mangled trav'ller bled.—

All

All Nature changes! now no more
The lion ſeeks the heifer's gore:
No brazen trumpet ſounds the dire alarms
For warring hoſts, juſt ruſhing into arms:
But ſocial Harmony, of ſmiling mien,
Pure Adoration, Joy, and Love ſerene
Congenial, fair, angelic train;
Confeſs the Prince of peace, the great Meſſiah's reign!

CARMEN,

IN NATIVITATEM SANCTISSIMI SERVATORIS,

Latinè verſum.

I.

AUDITIS ? an tam dulcia carmina,
Heu ficta ! fallax auribus excitat
Morpheus mihi, gratè fruenti
Nectareâ requiete noctis ?

II.

Exaudio et nunc altiſonos modos !
Symphonia et jam ſacra per intimum
Pervadit urenti igne pectus,
Mitior Aonii ſequaces

III.

Vatis, periti diſcere barbito
Cautes ; et Orphei, quà tacitus fluit
Lethæus amnis, lenientis
Orci animum Stygii ſuperbum.

IV.

Fulgore præſtans æthera ſplendidæ
De nube lucis, ſydereus chorus
Nomen, noventis cuncta nutu,
Concinit Omnipotentis ingens.

V.

" Cantus laceſſet læte animem thronum
" Rectori Olympi debitus ! ardua
" Congratulantis, grata patri,
" Gloria, gloria ſcandat æthræ !

VI.

" Serpante diro jam ſuperato, adeſt
" Servator almus, lux hominum ! Salus
" Cœleſte donum ! Paxque fauſta
" Ceſſa virûm filiis redemptis."

VII.

VII.

Natura quondam pallida lacrymis
Flebat virum, captum insidiis ei,
Qui nunc per æternum catenis
Vinctus, et undique truce circum

VIII.

Horrone septus, flammivomo lacu
Intortus, atrum supplicium luit
Atrox ! nives quamvis inertes,
Atque rigor glacialis, agmen

IX.

Brumale ! turpant, heu ! madidos agros
Pratumque fœdum, sospite jam viro,
Veris novi splendore ridet :
Lætitiâ exiliuntque montes.

X.

O qui throno, qui confidis aureo
Æterne, magne ac arbiter omnium,
Pro gratiâ vestrâ, pro amore
In filios miseros Adami,

XI.

Fas, dulce ! laudes lætifico loqui
Cantu ! quid ! ignes corripiunt ! volo !
Spernens humum, mens regna pennis
Angelicis repetit beata !

XII.

Dux ecce pacis ! Mars neque ſæviet
Lætum per orbem ; nec ſtrepitu volans
Terrebit aures currus ; arvum
Inficiet nitidumve ſanguis.

XIII.

Haſtæ micantes, et gladius ferus
Nuper minans, heu ! lethifer omnibus
Cladem, ſolum, factis aratris,
Nunc ſecuiſſe juvant, recurvis.

XIV.

Nec Cura triſtis, ſollicitus Dolor,
Abjecta nec Spes luminis efferi,
Funus ferens Strages, nec Ira,
Ultio, non patienſve juris,

XV.

Livor vorans ſeſe, anguibus aut caput
Cinctus Furor, jam, diffidiis graves,
Vitæ vias exaſperabunt,
Conficientve animum labore.

XVI.

Felix ab alto nunc iterum redit,
Splendore fauſto, Juſtitia, et juvat
Cunctis dare æquum; dulcè ridens
Paxque beata, gerens olivam,

XVII.

Jungit feroces fœdere mutuo
Gentes; rapinæ cedit amor: Dei
Dilecta proles, pura Virtus
Pulchra patientia luſtrat orbis,

XVIII.

Unàque, fraudis neſcia Veritas:
Multùm volutans pectore, limina
Devotio tentare Olympi
Imperat alta animum patentem.

XIX.

Ne fana poſhhac impia polluas,
Inſana peſtis ; nec violes novo
Devotionis templa ritu,
Dira Superſtitio hinc abitu ;

XX.

Quà umbræ leves, quà ſpectra et inania
Gaudent vagari, terrificum et vomens
Ignem Chimæra, i ! dum furentem
Te tua monſtra premunt ſub imos.

XXI.

En terra mutat—— floribus in novis
Deſerta florent ! Præda Sabæa, jam
Surgunt odores nube ſylvis ;
Spira rubetque roſis amænis.

XXII.

Campoſque ſiccos ductilis irrigat
Amnis ; nitetque et ceſpite dædala
Vivente humus, non ante læta
Flore roſæ, Zephyrive flatu.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Inſueta ſentit jam modulamina
Paſtor; querelis et ſylüæ ſonant;
Quà nuper atrum Hyrcana tygris
Omnibus eſt minitata lethum.

XXIV.

Natura vertit: ſanguine non boum
Gaudent leones; æs neque tortile
Dat ſigna belli; nec cruentus
Agmine miles in arma currit.

XXV.

Aſt alma Pax, aſt Lætitia ac Amor,
Cultuſque purus, ſancta cohors! docent
Nunc regna Meſſiæ, bonoque
Alite pacis adeſſe Ducem.

LADY JANE GREY,

TO

LORD GUILDFORD DUDLEY.

Quis Deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis? OVID.

Written in December, 1775.

LADY JANE GREY,

TO

LORD GUILDFORD DUDLEY.

TO thee, unhappy partner of my woe,
That bid'ſt mine eyes with ſtreaming pity flow;
To thee, my father, huſband, brother, friend,
This laſt, ſad tribute of my love I ſend!
Say, Guildford, ſay, why heaves thy breaſt with ſighs,
Why rolls the liquid chryſtal from thine eyes?
Say, for thy Jane, thy once-lov'd, hapleſs Jane
Glows thy fond breaſt with agonizing pain?
Yes, yes—I ſee the generous anguiſh riſe,
Tear thy ſad heart, and redden in thine eyes!
Not fate, with haggard horrors arm'd, can move;
Not death can ſhake the baſis of thy love:

But

But girt with woes the faithful flames divine,
Break forth, and with ſuperior luſtre ſhine—
But, Dudley, ſigh with anxious grief no more;
Calmly ſubmit, and God's high will adore.
But, oh, how ſtrong the ties of huſband prove,
And to forget, alas! how hard our love!
My ſorrow ſooth'd, to heav'n my vows were turn'd;
No more for you my dubious boſom burn'd:
My ardent wiſhes, fraught with pious fire,
Drive ſoft'ning love, and quick to heav'n aſpire—
But ſoon thy recollected form returns,
Again for thee my yielding boſom burns:
Again ſoft tears my former thoughts controul,
And raiſe up all the woman in my ſoul.

Oh curſt ambition! oh the thirſt of pow'r!
A ſplendid crown, vain pageant of an hour!
Alas, what troubles all his footſteps wait,
Who wears thy round, whoſe every word is fate!
Oh Suffolk! oh Northumberland! ſay where,
Where lies the worth of all this gilded care?
Can ſuppliant crowds, in ſmiling envy dreſt,
Bid joys ariſe, and glad the monarch's breaſt?

Can

Can they, when direful horrors rend the ſoul,
Wake black deſpair, and reaſon's pow'r controul,
Can they, amidſt the agonizing ſcene,
Sweet comfort give, his ruffled brow ſerene?
No, no—the crown its *gems* alone diſplays,
The purple only ſtrikes the eager gaze!
With longing eyes we view the envied wreath,
But little know what anguiſh lurks beneath.
Yet, Dudley, ſtill if we were born to reign,
Why were we not the monarchs of the plain?
There might we deal our juſt decrees around;
Unenvied there with purple pride be crown'd:
No threat'ning hoſts invade, with impious pow'r,
Our gentle eaſe, and wake the midnight hour:
Our nuptial ties would not, as now, be croſt,
And all our joys in mad ambition loſt!
Why breath'd the lyre on that auſpicious day,
Or ſofter hautboys charm'd the ſoul away,
So ſoon to change to martial trumpets dire,
That ſound to arms, and cruel rage inſpire?
The ſylvan warblers *ſhould* their notes prolong,
And ſing in choirs the Hymeneäl ſong.

How

How happy then when Sol's returning ray
Dispels the night, and pours the op'ning day,
Might we the windings of the grove explore,
Improve each thought, and Providence adore.

Where balmy Zephyrs wanton in the vale,
And waft ambrosial sweets in every gale,
Where feather'd songsters swell their tuneful throats,
And streams join concert with th' harmonious notes;
Joyous might we, beneath an oak reclin'd,
Impart the genuine wishes of the mind;
Plato's* deep sense with curious eye explore,
And turn the learned page of classic lore:
Careless behold what toys inflame mankind;
See kings contend for what ourselves resign'd;
Yet still no cares, no bitter cares annoy
Our halcyon days, and dash the coming joy.

* Plato's deep sense) Dr. Goldsmith in his History of England in a Series of letters relates the following circumstance of Lady Jane Grey. "All Historians," says he, "agree, that the solidity of her understanding, improved by continual application, rendered her the wonder of her age. Ascham, tutor to Elizabeth, informs us, that, coming once to wait upon her at her father's house in Leicestershire, he found her reading Plato's works in Greek, when all the rest of the family were hunting in the park. He seemed surprised at her being the only person absent from the diversions abroad, but she assured him, that *Plato was an higher amusement to her, than the most studied refinements of sensual pleasure.*"

But

But fate, alas! prepares a different doom,
And death around us ſpreads his lateſt gloom!
No more ſhall we the riſing ſun behold,
Or ſee the weſtern welkin flame with gold.
To-day in fair Religion's cauſe we fall,
Contented then let's meet the righteous call!
No buſy thought for life afflict the mind,
Be all our cares to gracious heav'n conſign'd.
With conſcious joy we'll yield the fleeting breath,
And ſmile on thoſe, who fondly wiſh our death.
So harmleſs lambs, in ropy fetters bound,
Kiſs the rude hand, which gives the fatal wound;
Behold with chearful looks th' uplifted knife,
That robs their little, guiltleſs ſouls of life.

Perhaps for us ſome tender breaſt may glow,
Some friendly boſom melt with generous woe;
Ev'n Perſecution mourn our paſſing bier,
And impious *Gard'ner* drop th' unwilling tear.
Tho' o'er our grave no ſolemn dirge complain,
No ſable friends to join the weeping ſtrain;
Yet with a ſmile we'll meet the deſtin'd blow,
And bid, well-pleas'd, the purple current flow:

But thouſands more like us muſt ruſh on death,
And ſeal Religion with their parting breath.
Again ſhall Perſecution's iron hand
With martyr'd blood pollute the guilty land :
This iſle from popiſh rage ſo lately freed,
To popiſh rage again is doom'd to bleed :
With baleful ſmoke I ſee the flames aſpire,
And holy martyrs feed the vengeful fire.
Youth's blooming years, the hoary-headed ſage,
Alike fall victims to the papal rage :
The hapleſs virgin frantic with deſpair,
Beats her fair breaſt, and rends her beauteous hair,
When from her arms, ſhe ſees her lover torn,
Hurried to death, to cruel tortures born :
The youth expires before her weeping eyes—
Her ſtrength decays, and in a ſwoon ſhe dies.

O THOU, that bidſt the awful thunder roll,
The livid lightning ſhoot, and gild the pole ;
Who ſhakeſt the world's foundations with a nod,
When *atheiſts* tremble, and confeſs the God ;
Look down, propitious, from th' all-ſeeing throne,
Where high all pow'r above thou rul'ſt alone !

From

From inſtant ruin ſnatch our ſinking ſtate,
From murd'rous zeal, and *Bonner's* ruthleſs hate.
Let not the boy his ſlaughter'd ſire deplore,
Let matrons wail their raviſh'd ſons no more :
No more let blood our ſacred quires defile;
But thy high pow'r defend our drooping iſle !
Thy own RELIGION ſpread her dove-like wing ;
And choirs of youths thy endleſs praiſes ſing !

What joy is this, that thrills thro' every part,
Diſſolves my pains, and warms my gladden'd heart ?
Relenting Heav'n in ſmiles again appears,
And looks propitious, on our proffer'd pray'rs.
Thro' time's dark gloom I ſee the Hero ſtand,
And wave aloft his delegated wand,
Whoſe righteous ſway ſhall purge our fanes again,
And bid the copious harveſts clothe the plain.
Fell Superſtition feels his potent rod,
And Romiſh Vengeance trembles at his nod :
To diſtant climes black Envy wings her flight,
And hides her ſnaky creſt in endleſs night——
Her laurel'd brow, ſee bright-ey'd Science rears,
And laughing Peace leads on the golden years.

Old Thames beholds on his broad bosom ride
The floating wood, and swell his silver tide:
Subjected monarchs here their gifts shall bring,
And bend submissive to Britannia's king.
Plenty shall bloom, our fruitful fields adorn,
And pour unnumber'd blessings from her horn:
Young Joy shall bid the tranquil soul be gay,
Exalt the mind, and drive each care away.
The smiling hours shall fly exempt from woe,
And only heav'n exceed their bliss below.

'Tis o'er—each busy, anxious thought is o'er,
My flutt'ring bosom beats for life no more:
Pleas'd I behold the future joys decreed,
Religion live, for which to-day we bleed.
Then, Dudley, O my friend, my life, no more:
No more our cruel destinies deplore.
Thy stedfast hopes on God's high mercy rest,
And still each rising tumult in thy breast.
Despise the world, enrapt in holy flame;
Let haughty priests with scandal blast our name.
Tho' hooting infamy our death deride,
And horrid curses burst on every side,

Yet

Yet ſhall ſome bard by generous pity fir'd,
By Phæbus lov'd, by every Muſe inſpir'd,
From impious ſcandal ſnatch our injur'd name,
And pure, unſullied, vindicate to fame.
The poet ne'er with vengeful malice glows,
Bnt generouſly ſhares another's woes ;
Convulſive anger never heav'd his breaſt,
Or baneful envy e'er his heart poſſeſt :
But form'd for love, love's ſofter laws obeys,
Love rules his heart, and triumphs in his lays.

Now ſummon all thy conſtancy of ſoul ;
See Nature's race at length has reach'd its goal ;
The time is come——with ſtedfaſt eye behold
The ſcaffold all its ſable pomp unfold.
See ruthleſs *Gard'ner* with impatience wait
The ſad completion of our hapleſs fate.
Come, come with me, my deareſt Guildford come,
And meet prepar'd the horrors of our doom ;
Not death ſhall move us——ah, my Dudley, why
Refuſes ſtill my fond, fond love to dye ?
In ſtupid lethargy ſtill could I gaze
O'er all thy charms, and melt in thy embrace :

Oh !

Oh ! why, juſt heav'n—but throbbing heart be ſtill,
Nor dare oppoſe the fixt, eternal will !
'Tis his decree—with patience then reſign,
Nor vainly impious at our lot repine.

Our foes with complicated tortures vain,
Can only ſever us to meet again :
When the glad ſoul is from the body free,
With thee, my love, exulting then with thee,
On wings triumphant ſhall my ſpirit riſe,
Spurn the low earth, and ruſh into the ſkies.
There then ſhall we, exempt from every care,
Tread heav'nly ground, and breathe celeſtial air.

Hereafter when, by contemplation led,
Two lovers trace the manſions of the dead,
The ſacred tomb, where our cold aſhes lie,
Perhaps may ſtrike their eager-gazing eye ;
With pity mov'd, they then ſhall come to know
Our cruel fate, and read the tale of woe :
At every verſe their breaſt ſhall heave with ſighs,
And ſilent drops fall trickling from their eyes.
Then ſhall the nymph, oppreſt with tender care,
With bluſhing cheeks her ſmother'd flames declare

Tho'

Th' exulting lover with kind looks prevail,
And pour into her heart the melting tale.
The yielding maid no more ſhall ſtubborn prove,
But crown her ſhepherd with connubial love !
O favor'd couple, bleſt with happier chains,
In whoſe ſoft boſoms love triumphant reigns,
May no rude cares your mutual bliſs deſtroy,
And days roll on but to increaſe your joy.
Enough for us, that o'er our fate ſevere,
Your gentle boſoms ſadden with a tear :
This grateful tribute o'er our urn ſhall pleaſe
Our wand'ring ſhades, our penſive ghoſts appeaſe.

But ah, what viſions ſwim before my ſight,
And burſt upon me in a flood of light ?
What radiant ſcenes my wond'ring eyes behold !
Their inmoſt glories ſee the ſkies unfold !
I can no more——heav'n opens to my view ;
Farewell my love, my faithful ſpouſe adieu !

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO FIDELIA ON HER EXPRESSING A DESIRE OF RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

See in her cell ſad Eloiſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
POPE'S ELOISA TO ABELARD.

AH, can it be—what madneſs fills thy mind?
Say wilt thou then, Fidelia, lovely maid,
To blooming youth, to heav'nly beauty blind,
Embrace the convent's ſolitary ſhade?

Within an awful cloiſter's gloomy round;
Remote from friends, and ſtranger to delight;
Where ſhagged walls the diſmal proſpect bound,
And ſolemn ſilence trembles with affright;

Where Phæbus never gave one chearing ray,
One ſmalleſt beam of his celeſtial light;
Where lucid cells ne'er view the dawning day,
And the dim tapers ſhed a mid-day night;

Wilt thou, unpitied and ador'd by none,
Of love regardleſs, and the world, retire;
Thy beauteous limbs repoſe on beds of ſtone,
And join pale veſtals in the hallow'd choir?

Think not, miſtaken nymph, (if this thy aim)
Religion there with brighter luſtre ſhines;
The conſcious boſom feels a purer flame,
And heav'n-born rapture every thought refines.

The ſpotleſs breaſt, with virtue arm'd like thine,
In ſacred truth and innocence ſecure;
Beyond the veſtal knows a flame divine,
And ev'n amidſt a guilty world is pure.

Or

Or think'ſt thou thus, unhappy fair! to fly
Love's pleaſing anguiſh, and the ills of life—
There penſive melancholy heaves the ſigh,
And love with prayer holds eternal ſtrife.

Let then the wretch, with guilty fears oppreſt,
Forlorn, forgotten to theſe manſions hie;
To calm the anguiſh center'd in the breaſt,
Forſake the world, and—ſicken, pine and die.

But thou, in whom the Graces all combine,
Fidelia, come, thou faireſt of the fair;
To gloomy ſouls theſe gloomy thoughts reſign,
And ſave a hapleſs ſhepherd from deſpair.

Can Corydon ſurvive, when 'reft of thee,
And drag a lazy, ling'ring life of pain?
Sooner the Alps ſhall ruſh into the ſea,
And free-born Britons hug a tyrant's chain!

Come

Come then, bright maid, love bids thee come away—
At thy return my ſoul ſhall bloom again,
The conſcious birds aſſume a ſweeter lay,
Again ſhall hail thee Empreſs of the plain.

1776

FINIS.